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library was the first institution they had heard of. I found that that paid.

I found too that pushing the library through speaking in the Y. M. C. A. buildings and different publicity through the Y. M. C. A. buildings and branches is very valuable. The conditions are similar to those in a large library with extension branches; first, men come to the nearest unit. They find out there is a library in the camp and they want to know something about the central library. They will come from the extension branch or from the station to the central library.

The great thing the librarian must have in the camp is adaptability, and being adaptable to a camp is some job. We have perhaps today surrounding the library 20,000 men who are machine gunners. They are intensely interested in machine guns and books on mechanics and we have to

supply that need. Then between midnight and midnight those men all move out, the whole city is gone, and a new city has come. These men perhaps do not care a hang about machine guns; they are interested in horses. The library must start all over again.

The changing personnel of our camps is a problem that is facing us all right now and it is one in which we will need the help of the librarians back home to a great degree. We may call upon the libraries for a great many tools and books to help us out and I am sure the libraries will respond. One message I want to leave with you today is the gratitude of a camp librarian who has been isolated down in the south—the thanks for the ready response all the libraries of the country have given to even the slightest and apparently the most trivial request.

A DAY AT A CAMP LIBRARY

By JOHN A. LOWE, *Agent, Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission (Camp Librarian, Camp Devens, Mass.)*

Variety of work, long hours and no relief from activities marks the work of a camp librarian. A typical day at any one camp would serve to show the work of all of them:

At 5:30 in the morning a siren blows frightfully. Presently two men appear to clean the building. Great contrasts appear among these: we have had artists, lawyers, college professors, one circus man, foreigners who speak no English, ex-prize fighters, and negroes fresh from Florida.

Hardly is the cleaning process under way, when an officer rides up to the door on horseback, sending an orderly in to ask regarding some special technical books which were to be borrowed from the Boston Public Library for this officer's immediate use. Another officer rushes in to ask for "Rabbi Ben Ezra." That is easy, but to stop to interpret the poem line by line to him, at just that time, is another matter.

The morning mail carries stacks of it—and a second demand for "that report" from headquarters, and a questionnaire from

some psychologist, who wants to know "whether men are reading, what they are reading, and why they are reading."

The private detailed to drive the truck stands waiting for his orders. As soon as he is gone you get out the blank sheets for the report of statistics and begin to figure. But a telephone call comes for the librarian. It is from the commanding general, who desires an interview at division headquarters immediately regarding an overseas division library. Just starting out, you are called back to the telephone to find that the division intelligence officer demands the instant appearance of the librarian at his office. Afterward it proves to be a matter regarding the circulation of German propaganda about camp by conscientious objectors and others.

Back to the library you go from division headquarters, full of business, only to find a private waiting with a poem which he has written and about which he asks advice.

Lunch next, but you can take only ten minutes for this during which you eat very good food, and have good company

among the officers of the battalion. Just as you are starting on the statistical sheet again, a deputation from a near-by women's club, which helped in the drive, appears and insists on seeing the librarian, who shows them the library, explains the work, and answers the all-important question as to whether their part in it proved of worth or not. This is, of course, one of the many interruptions of the same kind each day.

The same story, over and over, loses its edge and brilliance, even for an enthusiast, but somehow this story does not become entirely dull.

Only a few men and officers come in during the morning and afternoon in proportion to the total attendance, because they are on duty all the time. Those who do come, however, are seriously interested in military subjects. They come in to consult our picture collection of military subjects, which they take out to use in classroom, room work and other lectures. They are also investigating material in books: one man is preparing a paper on the contributions of chemistry to the war, and desires material; another wishes an interpretation on the complicated question in a trial by court martial. Another wants to know how long a projectile stays in the bore of a gun after the firing takes place.

But what is that sound outside? Halt! A company comes to attention. Under military order, an officer comes in, salutes, and asks if he may bring in his company, which is out on a hike, in order that they may take books, each man making his own selection. This is also sometimes done with men in quarantine, who come only in companies and then under military discipline.

Call now comes to go at once to the base hospital library, where the chapel has been turned over as a library building and necessary changes in construction are being made. Over the 'phone comes an order for two hundred books for a Y. M. C. A. building, and a few moments later for twenty-five books for women at the hostess house. Fifteen minutes out of the building is allowed the librarian for supper, and ten hours of the day have gone by! When you get back, the crowd has already begun to appear, and for the rest of the evening it is one mad rush of combined desk and reference work. Taps at ten o'clock—the lights are put out, but those statistics are not yet finished!

The statistics anyhow are not an actual indication of work accomplished or the quality of the same. A librarian at one camp counts all the books in the branches

and deposits twice a month. Another conscientious man counts only the books actually delivered to individuals at the library desk. Manifestly there is a difference in the amount! In some camps nearly all of the books are in the library building and almost none in barracks or Y. M. C. A. buildings; hence such librarians report a tremendous attendance and circulation record. In some camps there are more books out of the library building than in it available to men in barracks and other public buildings and yet no account is made of this on circulation records. In some camps the buildings are all together, like a city block, and in others the buildings are scattered over an area of fourteen square miles, so that the number of men who come to the building itself varies greatly.

The fact that the library is decidedly a man's library renders the service quite different in quality from that given at a public library. Men living in rough barracks without color or homelikeness find in the library comfort, cleanliness and beauty and the testimony of appreciation is overwhelming both from officers and men. From every side expressions of appreciation of the building are manifest. There is a freedom in the use of the building not present in a public library where women and children seem to scare off the men.

In our library men are encouraged to smoke, to take off their blouses, and make themselves perfectly at home, more in the manner of the library of a club than a strictly public library. The personal contact between the librarian and the readers gives a good chance at a formative influence for the love of books and reading without unpleasantly forcing this. Red tape is cut to shreds. There are no fines; overdue notices are sent and books are collected by the authority of company commanders. Lectures and art exhibits are arranged and very much appreciated by the men. The men like "high-brow" things, although civilians seem to believe that any old thing is good for the soldier.

The aim and quality of the work is to give through reading matter recreation,

education and inspiration to all officers and men in camp, who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity. All of this is for the upbuilding of the morale of the army, whose business is war, and which appreciates anything contributing to the effectiveness of its purpose.

The work of the library has a vitalising effect upon the librarians, as it develops personal resources of reaching men. It helps to maintain the morale of the army by keeping the men in camp, and by meeting their cultural needs. It teaches the library habit to many men who never used a library before, and develops it among book lovers. Men become so appreciative of the value of the camp library that they gladly coöperate with their officers in arranging for regimental and company

libraries for overseas, even to their willingness to take a book in their already overburdened pack. A colonel of the old army, who scorned the idea of a camp library and all other activities managed by civilians told me, soon after the camp was established, that "if he had his way, all such activities should be bodily thrown out of camp." A few days before he left for France, some months after, he had the great courtesy to come to the library to say:

"I have revised my decision as far as the camp library is concerned because of the work done for my officers and men. In the new army there is most decidedly the need of a place for the serious, studious work done by the men and this the camp library affords in making better soldiers of our army."

A DAY IN CAMP*

BY LLOYD W. JOSSSELYN, *Librarian, Public Library, Jacksonville, Fla. (Camp Librarian, Camp Johnston, Fla.)*

In a few minutes I can no more tell you of a day's work in camp than any camp librarian can really do the work alone that comes up, so I am going to do as my friend Goodell did when I went up to visit Camp Wheeler and he took me to that lake in the mud in his little second-hand Ford out to camp—just hit the road in two or three spots.

Isaac Marcossan in his book, "The business of war," gives a wonderful description of the quartermaster's work in the American armies. Out at Camp Johnston 100,000 men a year are being trained to do this work—the clothing, the feeding and the transporting of men. This means in a camp that cannot hold normally over eighteen or twenty thousand, that 17,000 men are coming into camp every two months to take a training of ten weeks in one of the many schools, such as office training schools; shop schools; road train-

ing schools; automobile drivers; train drivers; road repairmen and the like; remount schools for such occupations as wagon-making, teaming, horseshoeing and similar work; and officers' training schools for the performance of the work of the officers in these same branches.

To meet this special type of work the American Library Association has built up at Camp Johnston a library of 12,000 books, 6,000 of these books being technical books, most of them in the 600 and 300 classes. We have there at least 1,000 books in the reference department alone. So you see our greatest work and effort has been to supply material for the instructors, to assist them in writing up the lectures which they are delivering in the various schools. Their work changes from week to week. A lecture will be written on a certain subject and that lecture is never given again, it must be entirely rewritten, because to keep up with the changes the instructors must have the very

*Abstract of remarks.